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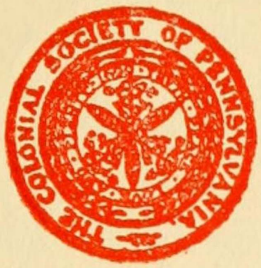
THE COLONIAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA

Certain Black-Letter Days

IN THE

Life of William Penn

ADDRESS OF

FRANK WILLING LEACH

BEFORE THE COLONIAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 1916

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In dwelling upon the Colonial history of Pennsylvania, the mind's vision covers a radius of practically a century, or, from the time certain of the early colonists in West New Jersey gravitated across the Delaware into what is now Bucks county, say, in 1677 or 1678, until the Declaration of Independence, in 1776.

It was an eventful, formative period, and many notable characters appeared upon the public stage, from time to time, as dominating factors in the scheme of evolutionary development.

Chief among these, however, stands out conspicuously the forerunner of them all, the great governmental pathfinder, except for whose foresight, zeal, and determination there would have been no subsequent history to narrate.

It has occurred to me to present, not a perfunctory biographical sketch of William Penn, but certain of the more notable incidents in his career, particularly those phases of his life which had a more or less direct bearing upon, or were largely influenced by, his identification with the commonwealth founded by him.

For reasons of my own I shall give my paper this somewhat uninviting title: "Certain Black-Letter Events in the Life of William Penn."

I do not deny that there were red-letter events in his varied life; that he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, so to speak; that he was the son of a noted naval officer, who rose to the rank of Vice Admiral of England; that he received a superior education, including three years

at Oxford; that he spent a considerable period in Paris, and traveled extensively on the Continent; that he was presented at several courts, and, at times, was a courtier with large influence; that his first marriage was almost an ideal one, in that his wife was a woman of great beauty and culture, and a member of a noble family; that his second marital venture was even more felicitous, in that the wife then chosen was a woman of great strength of character, who was predestined to be his mainstay in the dark days which followed.

Nevertheless, in viewing his career, I lay a greater emphasis upon the black-letter days, because such events have impressed me more strongly than the antithetical episodes of his life, particularly in their relation to the Province which he created, but which proved almost a Frankenstein to him, and brought a far greater degree of mental torture, than gratification or peace of mind.

First among the black-letter events of his life may be noted the persecutions which followed his identification with the Society of Friends.

Penn was first imprisoned in Cork, Ireland, in 1667, having been arrested for frequent attendance upon prohibited Quaker meetings, though on a charge of "riot," to employ the technical term used upon the occasion of his arrest.

The following year, 1668, he was apprehended in London and confined in the Tower for publishing his religious tract, "The Sandy Foundation Shaken."

In 1670, following the promulgation of the "Conventicle Act," he was again arrested, and confined in both Newgate and Old Bailey, for preaching in Grace Church street.

A year later, 1671, he was once more arraigned, and placed, first, in the Tower, and, later, in Newgate, upon a similar charge.

During the months covered by his several imprisonments he devoted his energies to writing numerous religious tracts, notably his "No Cross, No Crown."

Like St. Paul and Silas, like Cervantes and John Bunyan, the fact that Penn was deprived of his liberty for months at a time, for years in the aggregate, seems to have acted as an inspiration, to the end that valuable contributions were made to the literature of his day. William Penn was such an irrepressible personage, so active and strenuous, that it is very doubtful if he would ever have found time to write any of his larger works, except for the compulsory restraint imposed upon him.

Perhaps, from this viewpoint, these early black-letter days were, in reality, red-letter days, because of the refining and elevating influences of these experiences upon his character, whereby he was the more adequately equipped for the larger and more strenuous developments to come.

Passing by the decade from 1671 to 1681, when Penn seems to have followed the even tenor of his way, with few untoward incidents to bring the shadows into his life, we come to the eventful period when his vision became enlarged, his horizon widened, and a commonwealth was born.

He received from Charles II his charter to Pennsylvania, dated March 4, 1681, and, a year and six months later, he set sail for the garden spot of his dreams.

Had the early Quakers been an emotional folk, or had their progeny, in the days of letters, been a literary people, as were the men of New England, the voyage of the Welcome would have been embalmed in poetry, as a monumental occurrence in the nation's history, as, for centuries, has been that of the Mayflower, sixty-two years previously.

Who can read of that remarkable transatlantic journey without a thrill? One hundred souls there were, at the time of embarkation. Upon arrival, there were only sixty or seventy passengers on board. The remainder had gone to a watery grave, dead of that most loathsome of diseases, smallpox!

What a striking, almost unique picture is that presented

by Richard Townsend, one of the passengers, who wrote, speaking of Penn:

"His good conversation was very advantageous to all the company. His singular care was manifested in contributing to the necessities of many who were sick with the smallpox then on board, of which company about thirty died."

Townsend adds:

"We had many good meetings on board."

Imagine "many good meetings on board" a floating charnel house! Where are our poets, that some master pen has not depicted that amazing scene in undying verse?

Immediately after Penn's departure for America, we find the first evidences of the trials and tribulations which were to mark the greater part of his life as the Founder and Proprietary of Pennsylvania. Indeed, the inauguration of that great project, which he looked forward to as a great civilizing undertaking, brought him little but misery, and finally carried him down into the shadows of life, culminating in the shadow of death.

The first of his troubles in this direction came in the form of attacks made in England, shortly after his arrival in America. One of these was in the nature of a publication, "The History of William Penn's Conversion from a Gentleman to a Quaker. Or a Stop to the Call of the Unconverted. To the poor, trapan'd, simple, deluded People in Pennsylvania: Dated the 15th day of the Month Ahib, in the first Hegira or flight of the Prophet Penn to his Sylvania."

It was also reported that he was dead, and that he died professing faith in the Church of Rome.

These stories were so widely circulated that Penn's London agent, Philip Ford, felt constrained to publish a denial in the London Gazette of January 15, 1682-83.

Subsequently Ford issued a pamphlet, entitled "A Vindication of William Penn, Proprietary of Pennsylvania, from late Aspersions spread abroad on purpose to Defame him."

Penn himself, when he heard these stories, wrote as follows:

"Some persons have had so little wit, and so much malice, as to report my death, and, to mend matters, dead a Jesuit, too. One might have reasonably hoped that this distance like death would have been a protection against spite and envy. . . . However, to the great sorrow and shame of the inventors, I am still alive, and no Jesuit, and, I thank God, very well."

Another of the black-letter events in Penn's life developed almost immediately after his arrival in Pennsylvania, namely, the boundary dispute between him and Lord Baltimore.

He had scarcely more than landed in Chester, from the Welcome, before he found it advisable to make a visit to Maryland, where he had an interview with the Proprietor of that Province. Eventually the controversy took on alarming proportions, an intercolonial war almost resulting. As a matter of fact, the struggle was prolonged many years after Penn's death. Indeed, it was not finally settled until the running of the Mason and Dixon line, in 1763-67.

So strenuous became this contest during Penn's sojourn in Pennsylvania that, contrary to his evident program, he was compelled by reason of it to bring his residence in America to a close, that he might return to England and continue there his battle with Lord Baltimore. Penn himself says, in his "Further Account":

"The reason of my coming back was a Difference between the Lord Baltimore and myself, about the Lands of Delaware, in consequence reputed of mighty moment to us, so I wav'd publishing anything that might look in favor of the Country, or inviting to it, whilst it lay under the Discouragement and Disreputation of that Lord's claim and pretenses."

It is quite evident that Penn had intended, originally, to

remain permanently in America. Thus, writing February 5, 1683, shortly after establishing himself in Philadelphia, he said to Lord Culpeper, the newly-arrived Governor of Virginia:

"I am mightily taken with this part of the world; . . . my family being once fixed with me, and if no other thing occur, I am likely to be an adopted American."

Fate decreed otherwise, however, and, August 13, 1684, Penn set sail for England, in the ketch Endeavor. He returned to his native land with much less of buoyancy and hopefulness than had animated him upon his departure, two years previously. Though he knew it not, he returned to pass through the fires of deep affliction, domestic, financial, and political. Before he should again set foot upon the virgin soil of his Province in the New World, his soul was to be submerged in a deluge of wretchedness.

Temporarily adjusting his controversy with Lord Baltimore, Penn turned his attention—James II having ascended the throne—to zealous efforts in behalf of over 1000 persecuted Quakers, whose release from prison he finally brought about. Commenting upon this act of altruism, a writer has said:

"Strange as it may seem, it is to the methods which he took in doing this great and beneficent work that we must ascribe the bitter opposition and hatred with which he was assailed by the political party then dominant in England. It is sad to reflect that to his zeal in doing good, mistaken according to the standard of that time, were due those trials and misfortunes which pressed so hardly upon him during the remainder of his life, involving the loss of his government and of his fortune, and the total subversion of his wise plans for ruling his Province."

The machinations of James II and of his enemies resulted in the flight of the former to France, December 22, 1688, and thereafter William Penn, one of the few intimate

friends of that unhappy monarch who elected to remain in England, was subjected to persecutions of all sorts, including his arrest and trial upon various charges, involving his alleged implication in plots and conspiracies.

This was one of the blackest of the black-letter experiences of the great Quaker. The culmination of these trials and tribulations was the loss, in 1692, of his Province, which was arbitrarily taken away from him by the Crown and annexed to the Colony of New York. After a violent struggle, lasting two years, it was, in 1694, restored to him. In the meantime, however, his life had been one of constant anxiety and distress and of great financial loss.

From this flowed another black-letter event in his life—the mortgaging of his Province, in 1696, to his former agent, Philip Ford. The distressing sequel to this act, staged eleven years later, will be referred to presently.

A few years later followed his second visit to his Province on the Delaware.

He had looked forward to this journey for many years. Writing December 12, 1685, shortly after his arrival in England, his "Further Account," Penn said:

"And because some has urged my coming back as an argument against the place, and the probability of its improvement; Adding, that I would for that reason never return; I think fit to say, That Next Summer, God willing, I intend to go back, and carry my Family, and the best part of my Personal Estate with me. And this I do, not only of Duty, but Inclination and Choice. God will Bless and Prosper poor America."

Instead of the "Next Summer," 1686, it was thirteen years later that Penn set sail the second time for his transatlantic Province. In the Canterbury, on September 9, 1699, he embarked from Cowes.

It is altogether probable that his second voyage to America was undertaken with thoughts and emotions quite differ-

ent from those which actuated him seventeen years before, when, August 31, 1682, in the Welcome, he had sailed out of the Downs.

Upon the occasion of his initial voyage he was 38 years of age, strong, vigorous, confident, buoyant, with a wonderful proposition, an heroic program, before him, and the sky of his hopes was cloudless and serene.

Yet seventeen years had intervened—and such years! The Founder had been in a perpetual maelstrom, seething and irresistible—almost. Wars had environed him. The courts—of both sorts—had buffeted him. Prison doors had yawned before him. The gaunt hand of Death had twice entered his household and plucked dear ones from his side. Relentless enemies had pursued him. Petulant and unthinking friends upon both sides of the Atlantic had harassed him with their bickerings. Business difficulties had beset and tormented him.

Yet there came a time when the sun shone out of and through the clouds. The tempest that had beat about him was subdued. Once more, though but for a time, peace and hope came into his life. Then, and not till then, he embarked a second time for his Utopia, where the fruits and flowers of the earth afforded delight to the onlooker, and Nature's other and more substantial products made the heart of man glad.

It was on the 3d of December, 1699, that the Canterbury reached Philadelphia; and Penn received a hearty welcome, though it was the Sabbath day.

It is not necessary, in this connection, to dwell in detail upon the occurrences of the Founder's second visit to his chosen people. In the main, his sojourn was peaceful and profitable to all concerned—to the governor and to the governed.

Great improvements were made in sociological and civic conditions. New and better laws were enacted for the better-

ment of the people, and a new charter was granted for the government of the city.

This visit, however, like the first, lasted less than two years. Whatever may have been his original intentions regarding the duration of his residence in Pennsylvania, compelling occurrences rendered necessary his return to England, and thus his abode in the new world was hurriedly brought to a close.

This act was made necessary by desperate efforts, on the part of certain enemies of his, both in England and America, to again induce the Crown to deprive him of his Province, that it might be governed directly by representatives of the King.

Penn's second departure for England took place October 31, 1701, he having embarked in the Dalmahoy that day.

Thus, for the last time, he sailed away from America; away from the City and Province which he had carved, by his indomitable will and wonderful intellectual grasp, from the primeval forests; away from objects, scenes and persons that had brought into his life some of his chiefest delights, as well as worries and harassments unspeakable, whereby he became an old man before his time.

Nevermore placed he his foot upon Pennsylvania soil.

Prior to sailing he said:

"I cannot think of such a voyage without great reluctancy of mind, having promised myself the quietness of a wilderness."

He had not, however, found Pennsylvania altogether an elysium of bliss, for he wrote thus:

"What I have met with here is without Example, and what a Diadem would not tempt me to undergo seven years —faction in Govern^{t}, and almost indissolvible knots in property."

Arriving in England, there began a series of incidents in Penn's life which may be said to have been a succession

of black-letter days; a series of controversies, perplexities, and annoyances, which brought unspeakable sorrow into his heart, and surrounded him with shadows which never were lifted.

First, he fought and finally won the battle for the control of his Province, though a bill had actually passed second reading in Parliament to revoke the charter granted to him by Charles II.

Then came a great trouble, partly domestic and partly political. In 1704 he sent to Pennsylvania his eldest son, William Penn, Jr., a wild, harum-scarum, easily-led young man, with the hope that the change of environment and the primitive life of a pioneer settlement might have an elevating and helpful influence upon him.

Unfortunately his hopes in that direction were not realized. Young Penn led a life which scandalized the staid Quakers of the Quaker City, finally ending in his arrest in the brawl at Enoch Story's Pewter Platter tavern, with which students of local history are so familiar. The young man's exploits having been reported to the elder Penn, the latter, in a communication to James Logan, January 16, 1704-05, thus expresses himself upon the subject, and the question of his straitened circumstances, financially speaking:

"I think I may say I have all thy letters, as well private as public, from my son, John Askew, &c. A melancholy scene enough always; religiously upon my poor child. Pennsylvania begins it by my absence here, and there it is accomplished with expense, disappointment, ingratitude, and poverty. The Lord uphold me under these sharp and heavy burdens with his free spirit. I should have been glad of an account of his expenses, and more of a rent-roll, that I may know what I have to stand upon and help myself with. He is my greatest affliction for his soul's and my posterity's or family's sake.

"I say once again, let me have a rent-roll, or I must sink,

with gold in my view but not in my power. To have neither supplies nor a reason of credit here, is certainly a cruel circumstance."

Eventually the younger Penn was recalled to England, because of his performances in America. He was not a wicked man, but a weak one, with little of the vigorous personality of his father. Isaac Norris, writing, in July, 1704, describes him as follows:

"He is good-natured, and loves company, but that of Friends is too dull."

The young man's life at home, following his return to England, was quite as much of a failure as it had been in Pennsylvania. He was a perpetual care to his father, and survived him only a couple of years.

About the same period the Founder was in continual turmoil, because of the actions of certain dominant characters then holding public office in Pennsylvania, notably David Lloyd, the ablest man in the Province, whom Logan describes as "a good lawyer, and of sound judgment, but extremely pertinacious and somewhat revengeful."

I understand that a "Life" of this remarkable man has been written by one of our most competent historians. When published it will prove a revelation to those not intimately acquainted with this period in Pennsylvania's history.

Associated with Lloyd in the controversial battle with the Proprietary were Robert Quarry, Judge of the Admiralty, and John Moore, Collector of Customs, the two official representatives of the Crown then in the Province.

The annoyances and harassments to which Penn was subjected by these men, especially by Lloyd, would almost have broken down the will-power of a strong man untouched by other worries and embarrassments. In the case of William Penn, they well-nigh drove him to distraction, and embittered his life to a degree almost unbearable.

About this time Penn evidently gave some thought to the question of a third voyage to America. Even as early as April 1, 1703, he had written Logan:

"See if the town would be so kind to build me a pretty box like Ed. Shippen's, upon any of my lots in town or liberty land, or purchase Griffith Owen's or T. Fairman's, or any near healthy spot, as Wicaco or the like, for Pennsbury will hardly accommodate my son's family and mine, unless enlarged."

Over a year later, July 11, 1704, he wrote Logan:

"Thou urgest my return; but alas! how is it good, since to save my estate here to discharge debts, I eat up what I have there, as the best returns? But I want water to launch my vessel. Think of that; as also if I am not worthy of a house in or near town, such as Griffith Owen's, T. Fairman's or Daniel Pegg's, or the like, that 500 of your money, or perhaps 600 at most, may purchase for my reception, and at least 500 per annum to take there besides my own rents. I have spent all my days, moneys, pains, and interest, to a mean purpose. Think of this and impart it."

There is something pathetic in this appeal of the Founder of Pennsylvania. Upon the occasion of his former visit, 1699–1701, he had, while in town, lived in a rented house. Now he asks the city to build him "a pretty box like Ed. Shippen's." This appeal was never complied with, and, if the Founder had returned to Philadelphia, he literally would not have had a place to lay his head, except by the courtesy of some obliging friend.

Penn was never able to carry into effect his plan to return to America. Indeed, so pitiful became his condition, financial and otherwise, that he finally concluded to abandon his Province, and sell it back to the Crown. In a letter to Logan, dated April 30, 1705, he wrote:

"I can hardly be brought to turn my back entirely upon a place the Lord so specially brought to my hand and has

hitherto preserved against the proud swellings of many waters, both there and here. My surrender of the government is before the Lords. . . .

"I can do no more; and what with the load of your unworthy spirits there, and some not much better here, with my poor son's going into the Army or Navy, as well as getting into Parliament, thro' so many checks and tests upon his morals as well as education; with the loads of debt hardly to be answered, from the difficulty of getting in, what I have a right to, of twice their value, which is starving in the midst of bread, my head and heart are filled sufficiently with trouble.

"Yet the Lord holds up my head, and Job's over-righteous and mistaken friends have not sunk my soul from its confidence in God."

The scheme to sell his Province to the Crown was not consummated, however. But, seven years later, Penn being in great financial straits again, his offer was renewed. Writing, July 24, 1712, to certain intimate friends in Philadelphia, he said:

"Now know, that though I have not actually sold my government to our truly good Queen, yet her able lord treasurer and I have agreed it."

The sum he was to receive was £12,000, and £1,000 had actually been paid on account. Before, however, the necessary papers were prepared and signed, Penn was stricken with paralysis, and the bargain fell through.

To how sad a pass had the fortunes of the once powerful Quaker come that he should have been forced to offer for sale his interest in the great project to which he had sacrificed all his talents, all his energies, all his means, and practically life itself.

Probably the blackest of the black-letter days which it was Penn's lot to endure came in 1707–08. In 1696 he had given a mortgage upon his Province to his former agent,

Philip Ford. The latter now proceeded to foreclose the mortgage. Indeed, upon examination it was found that the instrument in question was practically a deed, and proceedings were inaugurated to eject Penn and annul any and all claims to ownership he might have in Pennsylvania.

Finally, a warrant was issued for him, and he was apprehended and incarcerated, first, in Fleet prison, and, later, in Old Bailey. His arrest took place on the same spot, at Grace Church Street Meeting, where he had been taken into custody 38 years previously, in 1670, and he was lodged at the same prison, Old Bailey, in which he had been confined for months upon that occasion.

In a letter to his brother-in-law, Richard Hill, Isaac Norris, who had gone to London to help the Proprietary in his great trouble, thus wrote to the melancholy affair:

"Governour Penn was last Fourth-day arrested at Grace Church street meeting, by order of Philip Ford, on an execution on the special verdict for about £3,000 rent. He has, by the advice of all his best friends, turned himself over to the fleet. I was to see him last night at his new lodging in the Old Bailey. He is cheery and will bear it well, and 'tis thought no better way to bring them to terms. . . .

"This act of theirs, with the aggravation of dogging with bailiffs to a meeting, makes a great noise everywhere, but especially among Friends, and people, who did not much trouble themselves before, now appear warm, and I hope still a good issue."

It would be too tedious, and not pertinent to the purpose of this paper, to dwell upon this historic court proceeding. It is sufficient to say that the Ford family—Philip Ford having died—were unsuccessful in this litigation, and the Province of Pennsylvania continued to be the property of William Penn. Concerning this suit, and its effect upon the Founder, a writer has said:

"A long litigation followed, by which Penn was worried and harassed beyond endurance, and this was undoubtedly the immediate cause of that premature decay of his mental faculties by which his later life was clouded."

Such was undoubtedly the case. This culmination of a series of worries and misfortunes, extending over many years, during, indeed, almost the entire period of his proprietorship, so fully undermined his health—to which his long imprisonment contributed in no small degree—that his mind eventually became seriously affected. During the concluding years of his life, and especially following a stroke of paralysis, in 1712, he was, to large extent, both a physical and mental wreck, all his business affairs being handled by his wife, a woman of great strength of character. Finally his bitter hardships and disappointments were terminated by his death, July 30, 1718.

In thus setting forth the numerous black-letter events in the life of William Penn, you may conclude that I have painted a lugubrious picture, and so I have, yet have I presented to you only the facts, and facts are history.

In thus piling Pelion upon Ossa, and Ossa upon Pelion, I have had no other object than a bare presentation of certain of the major incidents in the life of William Penn, chiefly the result of his project to found a commonwealth in the New World.

One of the lessons to be learned is the ancient one, with which all nations are familiar, namely, that republics, and all other peoples, are ungrateful. The outcry of a sorrowful soul, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth, to have a thankless child," applies to nations as well as to individuals.

William Penn not only brought the Province of Pennsylvania into being, but he nursed and nurtured it with all the solicitude and assiduity of a parent. He not only gave the best of his time and energies to the welfare of his people, but literally impoverished himself, in the maintenance of the provincial government.

But, except a few faithful friends, like Edward Shippen, Isaac Norris, Thomas Story, Samuel Carpenter, Samuel Preston, Griffith Owen, James Logan, and some other sterling characters, there remained few to do him reverence, or aid him with financial help, with counsel, or even with sympathy, when his troubles became most acute, and he entered into the valley of the shadow of death.

Yet there are other lessons we may learn from his experiences. Throughout all his desperate situations, he evinced an abiding faith in the supreme Ruler of the Universe. Only by divine strength was he able to bear the many burdens placed upon him.

In one of his letters, dated June 29, 1710, addressed to the Pennsylvania Assembly, he said:

"When it pleased God to open a way for me to settle that colony, I had reason to expect a solid comfort from the services done to many hundreds of people; and it is no small satisfaction to me that I have not been disappointed in seeing them prosper, and growing up to a flourishing country, blessed with liberty, ease, and plenty, beyond what many of themselves could expect; and wanting nothing to make them happy, but what, with a right temper of mind and prudent conduct, they might give themselves.

"But alas! as to my part, instead of reaping the like advantages, some of the greatest of my troubles have arisen from thence; the many combats I have engaged in; the great pains and incredible expense, for your welfare and ease, to the decay of my former estate; of which (however some there would represent it) I too sensibly feel the effects; with the undeserved opposition I have met with from thence, sink me into sorrow; that, if not supported by a superior hand, might have overwhelmed me long ago."

That final sentence illustrates the preëminently religious character of the man. It is shown clearly in all his early writings, but even more clearly in his correspondence dur-

ing the later and more unhappy years of his life. Despite his numerous tribulations, which were quite as varied as those of Job, he never weakened in his dependence upon a higher power than was to be found in his own personality.

When he planned his colony in the New World, he denominated it a "Holy Experiment." While this project may have appeared to him a failure, in his days of trouble, yet he builded better than he knew. He gave to the world a great Commonwealth, founded upon righteous laws and upon principles sublime in their conception.

Unlike some other colonies, Pennsylvania, by Penn's command, opened her doors to the men of all nations and of all religious beliefs. The Province became literally an asylum for those who desired to worship the Creator in their own way, without molestation from priest or potentate.

Furthermore, the Founder insisted upon such a course of conduct toward the aborigines as to save the colony from bloody warfare for over a half century; and when it did come, it was precipitated by later emigrants, living on the border, who had imbibed none of the pacific principles of the great Quaker.

No more expressive tribute was paid to Penn, following his decease, than that conveyed to his widow by certain of the Indians of Pennsylvania. They sent her a present of beautiful skins for a cloak, as they said, "to protect her while passing through the thorny wilderness without her guide."

In a letter to James Logan, Mrs. Penn said:

"I take very kindly the sympathy of all those that truly lament mine and the country's loss, which loss has brought a vast load of care, toil of mind, and sorrow upon me. . . .

"For my own part, I expect a wilderness of care—of briers and thorns transplanted here from thence. Whether I shall be able to explore my way, even with the help of my

friends, I have great reason to question, notwithstanding the Indians' present, which I now put on—having the woods and wilderness to travel through indeed."

Whatever may have been the disappointments and trials of William Penn; however far the black-letter days of his life may have outnumbered the red-letter days; irrespective of the lack of appreciation and sympathy displayed toward him by his contemporaries, largely the recipients of his bounty; in spite of the eclipse which engulfed him in his latter years, and the tragedy of his death, the memory of the Founder of the Commonwealth is now, and forever will be, enshrined in the hearts of all Pennsylvanians whose souls are not wholly shriveled up by the contemplation of things that are sordid and impure.

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